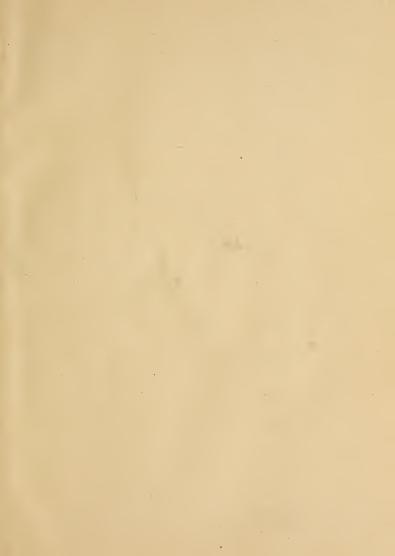


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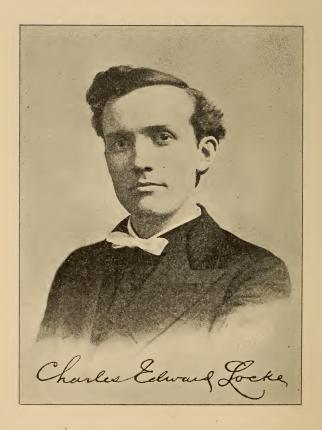
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..Pulpit • Pearls..

SELECTED FROM THE SERMONS

....OF....

Charles Edward Locke, D. D.

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**** PREFATORY NOTE.

The contents of this little volume have been gleaned, and are published, by the Mercy and Help Department of the Epworth League Chapter of the Taylor Street First Methodist Episcopal Church, Portland, Oregon, for the benefit of the Industrial School, sustained by the League.

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Charles Edvad Locke, 221 Elevent es, Portland, Orly.

Biographical.

* * *

Charles Edward Locke was born in a parsonage in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, September 9th, 1858. He is the son of William Henry Locke, D. D., honored in Ohio and Pennsylvania as a preacher and writer. He is the oldest in a family of six children. His earlier education was pursued in the Public Schools of Pittsburg, at Beaver Seminary and Mount Union College. At fifteen years of age he entered a printing office and learned the trade, remaining for three years. In 1880 he was graduated in the classical course from Allegheny College at Meadville, Pennsylvania.

Doctor Locke began to preach during his junior year in college, and after his graduation he was received into the East Ohio Conference, where he spent eight years in the suburbs of Cleveland. In 1888 he was transferred to the Smithfield Street Methodist Episcopal Church of Pittsburg, a church justly historical as having had among its pastor's Bishops Simpson and Bascom, Doctors Charles Elliott and William Hunter, and a long line of illustrious ministers. He remained

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in Pittsburg until the autumn of 1892, when he was appointed to the Taylor Street First Methodist Episcopal Church of Portland, Oregon.

In December, 1882, Doctor Locke was united in marriage to Miss Mina J. Wood, the daughter of Captain John A. Wood, a representative Methodist of Pittsburg. Four children have blessed their parsonage home, all little girls, except one who, after two years and a half, passed over to the Other Side. In 1883 Doctor and Mrs. Locke made an extensive tour of Europe, Africa and the Holy Land.

In January, 1893, the Degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Doctor Locke by Allegheny College, his *Alma Mater*.



Pulpit Pearls.

* * *

It has been said, "Every man has his price;" but I do not believe it. Benedict Arnold may have had his price, and he died in squalor and disgrace. Iscariot may have had his price, and he took his life to end his consuming remorse. But these are exceptions: all men are not traitors. Joseph refused to sacrifice his integrity, and Pharoah made him Governor of Egypt. Daniel would not barter his manhood, and became the Disraeli of Persia. George Jones, as editor of the New York Tribune, could not be bought when the Tweed ring offered him \$5,000,000 if he would withhold the publication of certain damaging information. A certain revolutionary patriot, when George III. tendered him £3,000 if he would desert the colonists and enter the British service, bravely replied, "Three thousand pounds! I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am the King of England is not rich enough to buy me." No, every man has not his price. Horace Walpole was mistaken. You cannot buy the true Christian at any price!

Every member of society should be a good Samaritan. Humanity still travels the dangerous road from Jerusalem to Jericho. Half-killed wayfarers must be cared for. Mount Gerizim will ever rise higher than Mount Moriah. Robed formalism may pass by on the other side, but loving hearts will pour healing balm into gaping wounds.

* *

The true Christian cannot be an idolater. Fame, fashion, wealth have many devotees. While Jehovah is carrying forward His purposes upon quivering Sinais, let His people refuse to bow down to golden calves. Wait patiently for God; He has mighty secrets to reveal.

* *

It is a discriminating definition which describes sanctification as the grace of giving up. Paul's severely denounced principle to refrain from eating meats, if by so doing he would cause his fellowman to sin, must be incorporated in the thoughts and habits of men to-day, or else modern society will shipwreck humanity. Self-denial and not discrimination should be the shibboleth of real manhood. "If any man will be my disciple," says Jesus, "he must deny himself." Total abstinence is born of brotherly love. Thunderous denunciation is hurled upon us for demanding of men

to practice self-denial. "What, give up our liberty, our privileges, our enjoyments, our tastes? These things are our rights!" Yes, but there is another right greater than personal liberty—it is our right to surrender our rights. All honor to those who for their love for weaker humanity, will eschew those things which cause many to stumble and fall-"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these!" It is surely little to ask of us, who are the recipients of the numberless opportunities of this Edenic civilization, the most imposing in the world's history, that, for the sake of our brother-man, we should deprive ourselves of a few things which might afford a little temporary pleasure. Let us recall the privations and sacrifices of the Apostles, and Crusaders and early Protestants and bow our heads in shame if we have ever refused to suffer a little for the sake of others!

* *

The civilization that will endure will build its superstructures on the avenues of light which radiate from Calvary's blazing Cross. Here will be found the perpetual Capitol of the Ages. Christliness is the backbone of the modern social system. Corruption is not confined to the ignorant and the poor; education is not character; culture is not honesty; refinement is not integrity. Unless these are joined with religion, pure and undefiled, there is no good hope for manhood. Hear the wail of Tammany's dying chief: "My life has been a failure in everything; there is nothing I am proud of!" Tweed leads a vast throng who are seeking success without Christ!

* *

A very plain man once remarked, "The thing that gets me is how much Christians are unlike Christ." There is food for reflection in the remark. The religion of the church altars on the Sunday is to be the religion of the desk, the counter, the field, the forum, the furnace, the forge and the factory, on the Monday. Diligence is a talent; if a man has no other he will succeed.

* *

The Christian man must give full weights, full measures, full values. Some business firms offer special commissions to the salesman for the disposal of articles of inferior value at full price. Hypocrisy and theft will result from such infractions of the laws of right-eousness. It may be called shrewd financiering to use questionable methods in securing gain, but, before God, it is nothing but gambling and robbery.

* *

Nothing but more Christliness will solve the intricate labor and economic problems; and the sooner capital

and labor gather about the shrines of Jesus of Nazareth, for confession and consecration, the sooner will these obstinate and perilous antagonisms disappear.

* *

We must guard against being, as Thomas Chalmers put it, "bustled out of our spirituality." We must be ever watchful, or increasing responsibilities will crowd us out of family worship, Bible reading and the prayer meeting.

* *

The people were astonished at the teachings of Jesus. It was not his elaborate diction, nor his adroit syllogism, nor his eloquence, nor his elocution; but his plain, practical method of dealing with profoundest subjects; not as the cringing and imitating scribes, but with the authority of an original and courageous thinker!

* *

The doctrine of conversion must appeal to the hard sense of any thoughtful individual. It is a reconstruction of the heart by a driving out of sin and an euthroning of grace and truth. Conversion is commencing to do right. True religion does not begin with an unknown quantity.

9

Our Lord undertook to divest religion of sentiment and idealism. The people had so long climbed to the summit of Moriah to worship that they were inclined to elevate religion to a lofty pedestal, as a thing not to be contaminated by contact with men in the valleys where humanity swarmed and toiled.



Jesus strove to emancipate religion from rites and ceremonies. Just when, at His death, His mission seemed to have failed, the veil of the Temple was rent in twain, and the secret of the Holy of Holies floated out to find lodgement in human hearts.



The most sensible thing that men can consider is Christianity. It will tax the largest practical common sense of the wisest man.



It is not what men profess that constitutes holiness, but how they live. Holiness is not an attribute which awaits us at the grave, but a blessing which will add usefulness and lustre to the journey. That is the most exquisite holiness, which, unasserted, adorns the lives of devout men.

It is ludicrously ungrateful for a certain class of thinkers to claim to have no need for God. The necessity and fact of a Creator remain the same even after men have discovered the method of creation employed by the Divine One.

* *

When men shall have exhausted all their commonsense in interpreting God and His operations, they will still need to pray for more common sense.

* *

Will thorns in the flesh interfere with a successful and useful life? No, emphatically! Paul became an indefatigable apostle and evangelist, whose work continues until this day. Beethoven, the musician, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, the artist, and Dr. Whedon, the commentator, and Kitto, the voluminous encyclopedist, were deaf. Milton, and Galileo in his last days, and Prescott, and Bach the German composer were blind. Michael Angelo had a broken nose; Alexander Pope was so crooked with disease that he was called an interrogation point; Samuel Johnson had a hideous facial disfigurement; Charles Lamb stuttered; Thaddeus Stevens and Alex. H. Stephens were cripples. In a long list of invalids, semi and confirmed, I would mention Homer, Virgil, Horace, Pascal, Dante, Coleridge, Cowper, Schiller, Hawthorne, Hugh Miller, Darwin, Ruskin, Carlyle, Dean Swift, Bacon, Kepler, Bronte, David Livingstone, Lincoln and Jackson. Alfred the Great was tormented by a disease which did not allow him an hour's rest. Jay Gould, the railroad magnate; Samuel Randall, the statesman; Helen Hunt Jackson, poetess and authoress, and Roebling, the architect of Brooklyn bridge, were constant sufferers.



No, thorns do not interfere with a useful life. They teach us to make a just estimate of ourselves; they discourage egotism and vanity and conceit; give us a fellow feeling for mankind. We have to suffer to sympathize; they make us altruists.



The ruined temple of Athena on the Acropolis at Athens, of Helios at Baalbee, of the Sacred Apis in Egypt, all testify in picturesque eloquence to the surrender of the Oriental beliefs to the God of Sinai and the Christ of Olivet.

* * *

The boy of to-day is the product of the civilization of sixty centuries. He ought to be, and I believe he is, the best boy that has ever walked the earth. If this boy would have a chance in life he must be taught the value of a dollar.

At a dog show in a certain town on the Pacific Coast was a sign: "No smoking here; it will hurt the dogs." If society could be prevented from indulgence in those things which are directly injurious to the boys, many things, which are now defended as eminently respectable, would disappear. Poor boy! If you were a dog we would take better care of you.

* *

When Napoleon Bonaparte poured his French battalions over the Alps, completely inundating Italy, and bewilderingly defeating the Austrians, in the famous battle of Marengo; when Alexander the Great, at twenty years of age, subdued Greece, invaded Persia and planned the amalgamation of Europe and Asia, and the extension of his own empire as far west as the Atlantic: the motto of the former was "Napoleon! Napoleon!" the impulse which aroused the latter was "Alexander! Alexander!" but when to the thrilling music of fife and drum, the boys in blue marched from Northern firesides, to courageously meet an insidious foe on a thousand battle-fields, no thoughts of selfish glory filled their breasts; their inspiration was a purpose written on every heart: "For God, for Home, for Native Land."

There is a power building inimical elements into the superstructure of every nation's life, which will break down national integrity, unless the foe is itself destroyed. Read the record of the nations, which, at different periods, have embroidered the Mediterranean Sea. Egypt with its Ptolemys; Greece with its Pericles and Miltiades; Rome with its Cæsar and its Cicero, compelled to transfer its capital from the banks of the muddy Tiber to the green slopes of the Bosphorus. All these mighty empires hurried into oblivion because they were unable to subjugate the enemies which developed under the protection of proud institutions. On the borders of Sahara, at the site of Ancient Memphis, I saw a colossal statue of Rameses II. lying with its face in the sand. It perfectly symbolizes the humiliation of a civilization which is unable to wrestle with the natural progeny of its own lofty ideas.

* *

Simultaneously with the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock, the first cargo of slaves was unloaded at Jamestown, Va. The wheat and tares took root upon this virgin soil about the same time. These two diametrically opposed principles were in close combat for ascendency. The history of our first years is a record of the struggle of these two

ideas for priority. The doctrines of the Puritans culminated at last in the Declaration of Independence. And, then, the majestic march of freedom proceeded just as rapidly as men appeared who were willing to become the incarnation of the heaven-born principle. Garrison and Phillips were followed by an enthusiastic patriot, whose heart was larger than his head. I do not believe in the transmigration of souls, but, somehow, it has seemed to me that though John Brown's body was mouldering in the grave, his soul crept beneath the blue coats of the brave soldiers of the civil war.

* *

To be unpatriotic is to be irreligious. True patriotism worships on the gilded summit of cross-tipped Calvary; it dips its sword into the glory of the Cross and descends into the valleys to defend the Bible, the home, the state, the common schools and the Sabbath.

* * *

Christianity from the beginning has been the friend of the man who would ask a question; it has dwelt among the doubts of men, and has been busy taking the crook out of the interrogation point. Jesus has ever been ready to take long walks to Emmaus, or to meet doubting Thomases in upper rooms!

"Jesus Christ is unique and incomparable in life and character. A sui generis of the most sublime type. You will observe the remarkable childhood of Jesus. Precocious and sinless. Even the learned doctors did not regard him as an immodest intruder, when at twelve years of age, he discussed profound theological questions with them. Again, Jesus addressed himself to the poor and unlearned. His was a day of letters and logic. All thoughtful men were casting about for new things. He would have had a prompt and enthusiastic following among the scholars, but he preferred to introduce himself to the poor—the despicable class. The poor were not accounted as members of society. But to these Jesus brings messages of salvation and from these secures a part of his constituency.

* *

Behold the unparalleled claims Jesus makes for himself as God. He says, "I am from above;" "I and the Father are One;" "The Father sent Me to bear witness of Him;" "I am the light of the world;" "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." What ordinary man would dare make such claims of equality and divinity with God? What bold effrontery and blasphemous impertinence, unless Jesus Christ was God manifest in the flesh! Some have been willing to grant that Jesus was only a good and great man. If Christ

was not God His own words would denounce Him as a monstrous falsifier. But Jesus was not a demon; he was what he claimed to be, the Only Begotten Son of God.

* *

Gospel principles should be introduced into shop and store, office and factory. It was recently stated that sewing women in Cincinnati are receiving five cents a pair for making trousers, four cents for overalls, and that children are earning six cents a day. Oh! the crime of this sweating system! How avaricious Shylocks are feeding upon the flesh of starving women! The gospel must correct these heinous indignities, and emancipate these poor slaves from the most heartless taskmasters that have ever cursed the earth.

* *

Among the picturesque uplands of Galilee, with a multitude about him, with fragrant evidences of the vernal season upon every side, the manliest of men delivered the manliest of sermons. The Sermon on the Mount was a discourse for the ages. In it the gospel keynote was sounded; the Great Teacher elaborated His thrilling philosophy.

The Cross of Jesus has opened highways of light into all the nations of the globe, and back along these glowing avenues, the world brought to our Columbian Exhibition the products of mind and soil, and placed them at the feet of the Goddess of Liberty.

* *

It is as true as it is paradoxical that the meek shall inherit the earth. The Goliaths and Samsons do not hold a mortgage on all things terrestrial. It is generally supposed that he, who would leave an indelible impress on the world, must be imperious, self-asserting, awe-inspiring, pugnacious and tyrannical. What does history reveal? The Nebuchadnezzars and Alexanders and Cæsars transformed geography and played at chess with real kings and queens and knights, but their empires have disappeared. Charlemagne and Napoleon and Cromwell wrote chapters of history with quills dipped in Europe's most royal blood; but to-day France is not an empire and England is not a republic!

* * *

The great moving principle, to-day, is meekness. Not the Emperor of China, nor the Czar of Russia, nor the Sultan of Mohammedanism, is mightiest, but the crystalization of the doctrine of meekness, which manifests itself in international law, reciprocity and arbitration.

The ruins of Karnak and Cairo, Baalbee and Babylon, in silent eloquence, tell the pitiable tale of disappointed ambition. Might does not make right, and force and power have not been able to produce a progeny which has become the heirs of the earth; but Christ's doctrine of meekness is encircling the globe!



Money is to be an accident of living, not the object of life. A useful accessory, but not life itself. When gold is laid up against the heart, it steals away warmth, tenderness, generosity, and soon the heart is as cold and hard as the coin itself. See the faithful devotee of gold! With piercing eye and shrivelled face and boney hands and bent shoulders, shaving notes and darting here and there buying money with pounds of flesh! Oh! the insatiable greed of gain.



The wedge of covetousness opened an entrance into the dark heart of Judas Iscariot, and there was room in the traitor's soul for all the diabolism of hell. Judas approached Jesus and kissed Him, presuming upon his familiarity and former privileges. All the hate and rancor of perdition reach their climacteric stroke in the monstrous heinousness of that perfidious act.

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The devil's reply to all souls whom he has ruined is, "What is that to us—see thou to that." The sinner is turned out to die by his cruel master, when infirmity unfits the dying slave for further service! Then an abused and forgotten conscience asserts its claims! Alas! that the list is so long; traitors to country, like benedict arnold and charles the Ninth of France; traitors to truth, like voltaire and hobbes and paine; traitors to purity, like parnell and cardinal beaufort; traitors to friends, like absalom and richard the third and lopez of Mexico. Let their names ever be spelt with an absence of the capital letter.

* *

The fruits of Christianity prove its divinity and the divinity of its founder. "Greater works than these shall ye do." It was great to heal the sick, but it is greater to heal the sin-sick soul, give quietude to the spiritual man and peace to troubled hearts. It was great to cleanse the Temple, but greater to drive desecrators from human hearts and whole nations of men. It was great to convince learned doctors, but it is greater to rout and subjugate a vast army of men, armed with sarcasm, sophistry and syllogism in the brightest era of civilization. It was great to raise the dead, but greater to redeem a world and destroy death itself. It was great to burst the bars of death and arise the third day, but it is greater to transform the

grave into a glorious highway of triumph, which leads to realms of immortality.



It is not a sin to doubt, but it is a sin not to bring our doubts to Jesus.



Science is not inimical to the Bible but accessory. All truth is from God. Revealed truth and truth which comes from the demonstrations of the scientist, are equally sacred, because from the same divine source. Prove anything to be scientifically true, and the Bible, by correct exegesis will not deny it; God cannot antagonize Himself.



There is much misconception concerning the end of human life. Some persons imagine themselves to be living under an irrevocable fiat, which will terminate life at a particular time. This is monstrous superstition, which deserves classification with the mythologies of ancient times, for it has no foundation in reason or Scripture. Human life is a talent entrusted to us. It has not been given to the angels. It is a talent as mind, heart, ingenuity and wealth are talents. Our endowments strengthen with investment, so it is with

life! Longevity depends upon a proper use of the talent of life. God makes man to live. God has more pleasure in a living, planning, holy and useful man than in an occupied sarcophagus.

* *

We must part with the Christian home when the Sabbath is no longer a holy day. Our great men are the product of Christian homes. God and the nation will need great men in the future. The tall pillar of glistening marble, which leans against the sky on yonder Atlantic coast, is called Washington's Monument, but it is more than that: it is a beautiful memorial to a Christian home.

* *

Better Mount Olympus with its weird superstitions, where the Greeks centered their faith, than the bald peaks of Atheism!

* * *

The State peremptorily demands manliness, but by bad legislation and failure to execute good laws, with open saloons on every corner, the State becomes particeps criminis in the disreputable business of defiling and destroying its citizens; it makes it nearly impossible for our boys to pass safely from innocent child-

hood to creditable manhood. Verily, it is the ancient order of Egypt's Pharoah, "Make brick, but find your own straw."

* *

Sin is not an arbitrary order of Jehovah. Every sin to which reference is made in the Decalogue is regarded as an offense against good morals by the civilized nations of the world. There is not a sin denounced in the Scriptures which does not work injury.

Human life is a temporary detention in this mundane sphere, that faculties may be developed by which man may enjoy immortal life. Human life is but the ebbing and flowing of the beating waves upon the silvery strand. Human life is but the fringe of life immortal.



To-day, all the Christian world is making a visit to Bethlehem; and like Joseph, men are to be defenders of their Lord; like the angels, they are to fill the world with his praise; like the shepherds, they are to tell the glad tidings and evangelize the world; like the wise men, they are to open their treasures of love and loyalty and industry and talents, and pour them out freely at the Master's feet.

All hail the Christmas Lord! The glories of His coming rest upon the mercy seat, granting pardon to the sinner, and sanctification to the believer. A cloud of glory follows us into the valley and shadow, and night flees away, and the wounds of grief are healed. And when we have finished our journey, this same celestial light will catch us in its bright embrace, and in a chariot of glory we will sweep into the presence of the Christmas Christ in the realm of eternal rest.



He who dwells with Christ in Faith's Transfiguration Splendor, will reach up in the valley of daily life to attitudes of holiness and purity.



Did you ever unbraid a sunbeam? If so you have found not only light, but life, force and beauty. The splendor of the rose is but the kiss of a sunbeam. So I would have you analyze the rays of power radiating from the throne of a Risen Lord and beating upon the hearts of men.

* * *

Christ is truth! Truth conquers! Does Christ? I stood with bated breath under the swinging lamp in Pisa's noted Cathedral, and then climbed to the dizzy

top of the famous Leaning Tower, and observed that every principle for which Galileo was put to death has now an indisputable place in the realm of physics. Yes, truth conquers! Does Christ? Climb the green slopes of Olivet and stand to-day on the summit of the Ascension Mount; Gethsemane with its wrinkled olive trees is at your feet; Calvary is not far away; but the influence of a Risen Lord has so filled the earth that Olivet is to-day a blazing mountain sending its rays of light and life and redemption into all lands! Yes, Christ conquers! Christ is truth!



The deductions of Euclid in mathematics and the demonstrations of Hipparchus in astronomy, are just as new to-day as when first announced. Truth drinks from the fountains of perpetual youth. Christ's truth is never old. The most fragrant and fruitful influence upon the earth is Christ Jesus.



The palaces and citadels of earth may disintegrate, but this temple of divine truth has no ruins. It is a picturesque Alhambra, spreading its architectural splendor through the years; each age adding a turret, a tower, or a shrine. In ancient Rome, a noted philosopher was honored and feted in Cæsar's palaces, but no one in those royal circles mentioned even the name of the humble Christian propagator chained to a Roman soldier in a dirty Roman prison. To-day, however, only the scholar knows of Seneca, while Paul, next to Jesus Christ, is the most conspicuous figure in Christian philosophy.



That which differentiates man from all other animals is his soul life. Even if evolution can prove its claims it cannot produce a man. It may account for the animal Adam, but only God can breath into man's nostrils the breath of life, and create a living soul. God had animals enough, He did not make man to be a brute. Alas! what a lamentable misconception of his possibilities when man devotes himself alone to his animal nature. He cheapens his birthright, surrenders his sceptre, abdicates his throne, and ought to be called by another name—he is no longer a MAN.



All the great movements of history have turned upon men as pivotal points.

As the closing strain of some majestic oratorio leaves its delicious echo in our souls, so does the final utterance of the blessed Holy Bible linger in our hearts with assurances of affectionate consolation: "Whosoever will, let him come."

> * * *

In the world about us everything bears upon and in itself the prediction of its purpose and utility. Franklin, as he saw the lightning leap from cloud to cloud, tremble in the crags, slice the granite rock and shiver the giant oak, wondered if such a mighty force could not be coaxed from its wild haunts and harnessed to the chariots of civilization. Let the astronomer discern a rolling sun in the heavens, and he will predict an earth in which light and heat are indispensable. Viewed in this way what marvellous possibilities of peace and power belong to man. A physical nature so intricate in mechanism, that men are exhausting their skill as students of anatomy. A mental nature with such powers of analysis and synthesis, that it reaches out to comprehend the thoughts of God. An affectionate nature, so tender and enduring, that eternity will be too short to fathom its capabilities. A spiritual nature, so divinely susceptible, that it daily takes on the image of God. What prophecies are these of the glory which awaits the individual who strives to reach manhood's highest ideal!

The genuine husband will be as courteous as a knight, as gallant as a courtier. He will not allow his wife to miss the little kindnesses and amenities which characterized the earlier days of their acquaintanceship. He will be ever a rapturous lover, frequently declaring his devotion. He will trust his wife with his confidences, his plans and his pocket book.



The genuine wife will be devoted and loving; and contented to make her home her kingdom. She will keep up with her husband in matters intellectual, and will manifest increasing interest in his temporal affairs. The ideal wife will cause many a husband to say with Edmund Burke, "every care vanisheth the moment I enter under my roof."



Creation is a colossal failure if there is no immortality. Better to have been a brute on the hillside than a man, if there be no life after this. If the Bible doctrine is a myth, then life is a burlesque, integrity a burden, and conscience a withering, tantalizing curse. Persuade all men that there is no life after this life, and the human family will be hurried to extinction by suicide.

To live again is the hunger of the soul. As the babe instinctively takes nourishment from the mother's bosom, so without instruction men have reached out after a better life. Yes, the soul is in exile. Like the homing-pigeon released, it hurries back to the bosom of the Father.

* *

That tree will have the loftiest boughs which has the deepest roots; so of humility.

* *

In the physical universe, from chaos and gloom, by methods of development, have been marshaled the mighty hosts of suns, planets, satellites, animal and vegetable life, until all is capable of perfect classification. Also in the universe of thought. In their earlier periods principles were followed like phantoms in the breaking dawn. To-day, astrology, with its sages and magi, has given away to astronomy, which, with inebriating fascination, handles the telescope and spectrum. Alchemy, with its witches and wizards and boiling cauldron, has given up its homely chrysalis for the gay plumage of an indisputable science. So we look for order in the moral government of the universe. Here is moral confusion! Peaks of holiness rise higher, but canyons of vice grind deeper! What one

holds dear another defames! The laws which some obey others deride. Here the good suffer, the bad prosper. The Psalmist discriminatingly writes, "My steps had well-nigh slipped when I saw the prosperity of the wicked." Here are too many human monstrosities who feed upon the pains and aches of their fellows. Order must come, but another world will be required! Tears enough are wrung from broken hearts by evil influences to run the water-wheel of immortality forever! Another life will be required to correct the irregularities of the rewards and punishments of this life.

* * *

Atheism has stubbornly assailed the citadel of the soul's immortality, but only to the substantial strengthening of faith in the doctrine. I used to grow indignant at the impudence of unbelief, but now, even its bitterest attacks, before they reach my ears are transformed into the doleful lamentations of disappointed and deceived souls. Agnosticism and unbelief are due largely to an "atrophy of that part of the brain upon which the higher and holier tastes depend." Let me hang out the danger signal at the appalling brink of an atrophy of faith. Many a poor soul is being hurled about in the savage whirlpool below unable to extricate himself.

Conscience is a sort of Mount Olivet in the uplands of the soul, rising higher than the hill-tops of the moral nature about it; whose summit catches the first gleams of the morning light from the heart of God; and about whose brow linger the departing rays of evening's lengthening twilight. From the peak of conscience man finds a highway to God, adown which the Holy Spirit sweeps in blissful ministrations, and by means of which man ascends and holds sweet communion with his God.



Along the centuries many unsuccessful efforts have been made to focus the bright rays of civilization against the Holy Bible for its destruction, after the plan of an ambitious patriot in the ancient time; but the towers of these useless operations have been erected only to be in turn abandoned; and now, in ruined desolation, they are the milestones marking the progress made by truth invincible in the hurrying centuries.



To-day, like a majestic ship, though higher and lower critics and skeptics wildly vociferate, the Holy Bible does not slacken its speed, but proceeds on its beneficient mission, stopping only at the ports of human necessity that it may discharge its precious freight.

Humility is not the sickly fawning of the cringing sycophant or the obsequious flatterer, nor is it the nauseating servility of Uriah Heep, but it is such a modest estimate of oneself, as prompts him to take the lower seat in the synagogue, until found worthy to occupy the higher place.



The argument for the soul's immortality is so convincing as to arouse within us mighty determinations to so live that our future estate may be among those whose soul trend has been upward to the regions of nobility and holiness. From the earth-side we are building an arch over the chasm of death. By faith and revelation we learn that a similar arch is constructed from the heaven-side. The keystone of the structure is Jesus of Nazareth. Let us give to him the place he has won by his sufferings and triumphs! The arch is sprung from earth to heaven, and an highway is builded, over which our souls may travel to the domain of the pure and good.









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